

The most lamentable Tragedie

Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.
King. Emilius doe this message honourably,
 And if he stand in hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demaund what pledge will please him best.
Emilius. Your bidding shall I doe effectually.

Exit.

Tamora. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
 And temper him with all the Art I haue,
 To plucke proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*,
 And now sweet Emperour be blith againe,
 And bury all thy feare in my deuises.

Satur. Then goe succellantly and plead to him.

Exeunt.

*Enter Lucius with an Army of Gothes, with
 Drum and Souldiers.*

Lucius. Approued warriours, and my faithfull friends,
 I haue receaued letters from great Rome,
 Which signifies what hate they beare their Emperour,
 And how desirous of our sight they are.
 Therefore great Lords be as your titles witnes,
 Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
 And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
 Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brane slip sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
 Whose name was once our terrour, now our comfort,
 Whose high exploits and honourable deeds,
 Ingratefull Rome requites with foule contempt,
 Bebolde in vs, wee le follow where thou leadst,
 Like stinging Bees in hottest Sommer day,
 Led by their maister to the flowred fields,
 And be auenged on cursed *Tamora*:

And

of Titus Andronicus

And as he saith, so say we all with
Lucius. I humbly thanke him a
 But who comes heere led by a l

*Enter a Goth leading of
 in his arm.*

Goth. Renowned *Lucius* from
 To gaze vpon a ruinous Monast
 And as I earnestly did fixe mine e
 Vpon the wasted building, sudd
 I heard a childe cry vnderneath
 I made vnto the noyse, when soo
 The crying babe controld with th
 Peace tawny slaue, halfe me, and
 Did not thy hue bewray whose b
 Had nature lent thee but thy mo
 Villaine thou mightst haue bene
 But where the Bull and Cow are l
 They neuer do beget a cole-blac
 Peace villaine peace, euen thus h
 For I must beare thee to a trusty
 Who when he knowes thou art th
 Will hold thee dearely for thy m
 With this my weapon drawne I r
 Surprizd him suddainely, and br
 To vse as you thinke needefull of

Lucius. Oh worthy Goth, this
 That robd *Andronicus* of his goe
 This is the Pearle that pleasd you
 And heeres the base fruit of his b
 Say wall-eyd slaue whether woul
 This growing Image of thy fiend
 Why dost not speake? what deaf